

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R·C·M· UNION..*

"The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life."

Editorial.

In this number of the MAGAZINE is an article from New York. It might easily have happened that the Editor had picked it up off Mr. Cecil Forsyth's writing-desk in that city and brought it back to London himself. At this moment, a past Editor—Mr. Colles—may very well be in New York talking to Mr. James Friskin, and wondering why the present controller of the MAGAZINE does not ask that gifted ex-Collegian to write in these pages. Mr. Eugène Goossens may be gossiping with Mr. Felix Salmond over there. Dr. Boulton and Mr. Frank Bridge are possibly sitting at the feet of Mr. Arthur Bliss, mastering the American accent (a purely temporary measure on the part of all concerned, we hope). These are conjectures. Of Mr. Holst's recent doings in America we have more exact knowledge. Mr. Plunket Greene offers us (in "Music and Letters,") his own authority for all that befell him in Canada. Concerning Mr. Maurice Besly, who raided Canada in record time, recently, we are a little in the dark. But we know for certain Mr. Granville Bantock did more than partake of Chinese dinners in Edmonton.

In these days, when British musicians cross the Atlantic with something like the ease, if without the advertisement, of a Derby winner, we are in some danger of minimising the significance of their visits to the New World. They are not dvoràking after symphonies; their symphonic schemes, indeed, are in most cases of the already cut-and-dried, printed-and-bound sort. If it were otherwise, if they sought rather conveyed inspiration, they might come back with Jazzaganzas instead of New World Symphonies. Our men cannot be unaffected by the power of many things in Broadway and the Rockies (if these are reached) to angularise their tunes, or modify their sense of values. All sorts of possibilities present themselves. Mr. Colles may come back with revolutionary views about criticism, and may even consider his own countrymen as either above or beneath the need of it. Mr. Goossens's opinion of the Goossens Orchestra may be that it is either the finest in the world or an untrained horde of savages. Mr. Bliss may already have made up his mind that either America or England is stark mad to imagine that it has any composers at all. And thus, and thus

But we can reasonably hope and believe that none of these things will happen; that something better than comparative estimates will result. We can believe that our musicians who go to America go without any

special accent on nationality, with the ordinary sensitiveness to impressions and the common eagerness of all artists, to take part without fuss in a common music-making. It is easy to see what good should result. They will represent our point of view, and the musical culture we have, without taint of commercial-travellerdom or ambassadorial pomp. They will establish, by their visits, a practice that shall become common enough to make it unnecessary to stress it. And the musicians of both countries may, by a quietly-efficient exchange of service, outstrip in effectiveness the comings and goings of valuable horses, politicians and pugilists over that grossly exaggerated stretch of water we call the Atlantic.

Director's Address.

(SEPTEMBER, 1923.)

However long the long vacation is it is never long enough. It is only long enough to have made us forget what work is like, and find our return to it rather an uphill affair; but not long enough to make us long to get into harness. Vacation means an empty time, but nowadays we find our vacations so full of jolly business of all kinds that the empty feeling hangs round the work rather than the play.

You however, are, I hope, exceptional in that you are glad to be at it again, making indescribable noises, piling sound upon sound, until the adjacent buildings rock in their agony, and our nearest neighbour emits (like the skunk) an odour of burning anthracite as a protective warning that the soprano must sing no higher or the organist play no louder. As a rule they can neither of them exceed, for they are always singing their highest notes and playing with every available stop. It is only human nature and cannot be helped.

Last term I ventured to say something about the hurry and scurry of the times we live in, and what effects they may have on our work. I would like to rivet your attention to-day for a moment to one phase of it which strikes me as important and interesting. If we are not prepared for the pace at which we have to live, nor carry the ballast for safety in strong winds, nor the engine power to make headway against the tides, nor the seaworthy qualities which enable us to ride it out, we shall find ourselves tossed about in a confused sea, and make an uncomfortable voyage of it. We shall be in danger of making a muddle of things. You may remember in one of Dickens's books, "Great Expectations," I think, that Garge always complained (and quite rightly) that the world was a *rare*

muddle. Everything to him seemed to go wrong, and be upside down, and there was no reasonableness about it. It is very often like that with us, and it is, as a rule, the result of the pace things go, and our inability to keep up with things. I need hardly remind you that it is only when you are trying to get up quickly in order to catch a train that your boot-lace breaks or your collar stud rolls into an inaccessible corner. It is only when you are late for a meeting, or shall we say a lesson, that someone worriedly stops you to ask some foolish question, or that when searching for something in a great haste, and among the innumerable pockets or bags that young men and young women carry with them nowadays, the thing is always found in the *last* pocket or a song in the last of six volumes. It would seem almost wiser to begin with that pocket another time !

There is a natural "cussedness" about in the world, and it always appears when you are in difficulties, pressed for time, in a tight corner. It waits for you, ready to pounce, and only does so when it sees you unprepared. It takes you off your guard, and plays havoc with your nerves. When a ship gets on the rocks (or in difficulties), however fine the weather may have been up to the moment, it immediately begins to blow hard. If you arrange for any open-air festivity and make no preparation for a rainy day, the weather is generally brilliant the day before and the day after. If you say you will be back from a motor drive by a certain hour, then you are pretty certain to have a mishap and be delayed. The only times the trains are late are those in which you depend on their punctuality. Muddle means disorder, and to avoid it we must be orderly. To be orderly is easy enough when there is plenty of time to clear up things as we go. but nowadays we are generally *doing* three or four things at a time and *thinking* of several others at the same moment, because things jostle each other so rapidly, and we get the things confused and our minds too. There is a beauty in order, which is most desirable. We admit it, particularly because it appears to be so easy, and yet know that only by constant vigilance and care it can be obtained. Our lives are lived in a series of the most miraculous order which we never stop to appreciate, and in fact only become conscious of when it breaks down and we are made uncomfortable. We can see this in the morning—touch a spring and up goes the blind—we don't know why. Ring a bell—hot water—ring another, breakfast—hail a bus—catch a 'train—telegraph—telephone—switch a light—post a letter—use a lift. But so long as all is well, not a word said—not a thought given; but if the

machine breaks down, and the Waterworks ceases, or the train is late, or the letter is lost in the post, we write at once to the papers and get really excited at the general depravity of the world and all that therein is. Our grandparents had no such existence—they lived from hand to mouth in a way that would frighten us.

What, therefore, is the effect of all this perfection of orderliness on us. It should make us extraordinarily sensitive to the beauty of it, and affect our minds with the law of orderliness in thought as well as action. If things are done in good order there is ever so much more time at our disposal; we really have time to look about, to absorb and to reflect. Instead of being in a whirl, trying to catch up things left undone. If we keep things in order we have much more room for things. No one knows this better than the man who packs a bag or only flings the things in. There is so much to be got into life, and little space to stack it all in. If we know where to find things we save an awful lot of time and a rare lot of temper!

But order doesn't—as far as human actions go—mean that everyone must do exactly like everyone else. That is obviously impossible and impracticable. People are so differently constituted that it would not work for five minutes. But the order of a man's life must largely come from within. It depends on the character of the man what that order shall be, and how effective its operation. It is just the same in thinking, some do it in an orderly manner and some in the wildest disorder. The orderly thinker doesn't forget the point he is talking about, nor go round it in circles of the giddiest description. He sticks to the point, sees it from all its angles, but doesn't lose his hold on it. There are some thinkers, whom to follow is like trying to clutch up quicksilver, and you know how elusive that substance is. We cannot do anything properly unless we give our minds to it, and keep our minds on it. The moment we are interrupted or allow our minds to wander to some other thing, the work we are doing ceases to be effective, and muddle begins. Physical confusion is bad enough, but mental confusion is the devil. How often does one come across the difficulty of sticking to one argument—of finishing one job properly before taking on another, of taking up the threads again of a piece of work which has forcibly been interrupted.

All people who lead busy lives (and you, I hope, are among the number), and are constantly having to switch from one thing to another, find it a grim necessity to concentrate on whatever the job of the moment is: or else in the shortest time they lose hold of their business, and their

minds become very like what their writing tables are in fact, a heap of unsorted papers, unanswered letters, an organised confusion. People, like myself, who have been used to sailing in deep waters and on long voyages, find a certain comfort in the confused sea of papers which daily confronts them. They know more or less exactly at what spot and at what depth they are likely to find the things they want, but it is a habit not to be encouraged. Muddling along is considered to be an English characteristic, and was constantly referred to during the War as an adopted method. But that is not the kind of muddle that I am speaking about. The War produced innumerable problems outside our experiences, and had to be tackled extemporaneously, and it is a lasting marvel how splendidly these problems were solved. But the kind of muddle we are apt to get into is the result of certain failings of character, and of understanding, which we can avoid if we only get command of ourselves. Muddles, of course, are a good deal more interesting than order. Order is apt to become dull—what we call routine ; but that can always be prevented if the routine is connected with a job which is worth doing. Muddles happen unexpectedly—they raise the temperature, lower the spirits, put a premium upon hope, and generally produce the attitude adopted by Mr. Micawber, of waiting for something to turn up.

People who make a habit of muddles put a strain on their nervous system, which soon produces ill effects. There is a hunted look about the eye of a confirmed muddler, which can easily be detected and is very difficult to cure, and cannot be done in spasms. Steady interest and forethought (not after thought) are the corrective ; one thing at a time is always the quickest way. Life is fuller than it ever was of urgent work, attractive work, and distracting work, of reasonable and unreasonable recreation.

One or two things matter a lot. Everything that rests on subsidiaries has its place, but only as bearing on the main thing. One of our chief difficulties is the keeping of the urgent quite clear of the subsidiary. If we cannot see what these relations are we may quite easily put too much weight on the wrong things and loosen our hold on the important things. We get then what is called diffusion of energy and great loss of power. Here, where we have first and second subject, it is easy to illustrate. We so often find a subsidiary thing more attractive than the main thing, and are inclined to put it into the wrong relation. We get muddled up as to what we are really at. If we are being shown a new and beautiful scene, and, being as fond of railway engines as Dr. Henry Ley, we see a new four-cylinder G.W.R. engine rushing past us in the foreground, our attention and sympathy are directed to the wrong thing.

Some things are attractive to do, some distracting. It is quite common to find cases where attractiveness has become distractiveness, because the person has not had the wit or the grit to prevent the lapse from one to the other. Clear thinking is the best antidote against muddle. Clear thinking and swift. When you know what it is you want to drive at, keep it clearly in mind, and adjust other things to it. Keep a firm hold on it and strengthen that hold by your attitude towards the other related things. One thing at a time is the quickest and best way. So many people spend most of their time in trying to catch the two birds in the bush! Keep tight hold of the first bird in hand; a thing well thought out is more than half done. It matters enormously how you do things, and that the right way shall, if possible, be the *first* way.

Heard Melodies.

*"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." . . .
I doubt it. . . . Give me the pipe and tabor.*

This frosty doctrine was begotten so long ago, that our east was then the world's west. Her father—it is no secret—was a poring philosopher, and her mother a gipsy queen, who read the stars and told fortunes "by the number."

There was no christening ceremony in those days. But soon after her birth, her clever parents, afraid of being afterwards left with an ugly girl on their hands, thought out an attractive name for her. They settled on "Music of the Spheres." This had the right ring, and it interested her father's philosophical friends at once. They all delighted in dandling her on their knees and calling her by this pretty name. But of course her parents were looking much further ahead than this. Their object was *marriage*. They knew quite well that a girl can't marry her father's philosophical friends, and they meant their son-in-law to be the most romantic fellow in the world—a musician.

What would have happened if she had grown up I do not know. She might have found the right man, and become the ancestress of wonderful prodigies. But gipsy and philosopher do not mix well. And the plain fact is that from the day of her birth she was a sickly weakling.

She never grew up.

The philosophers and their descendants did what they could to brighten up her tomb with a few flowers now and again; but the musicians

kept away. And she would have been forgotten long ago, but that the poets—who are after all only savages and cave-men when it comes to melody—occasionally hold a midnight meeting to call up her ghost. However, the ghost has no great power for evil. It does not haunt us musicians. And if it ever does begin to gibber near us, we have a potent charm with which to protect ourselves—two notes from a tiny reed-pipe and a tap on the drum, quite enough to send it scurrying back at dawn to its limbo.

But, indeed, there is small need for midnight exorcisms. Musicians, however ready to suffer laymen's imaginings about "unheard melodies," cling without effort to their triple division of the universe.

For them the lowest circle is the black vortex of turbid chaotic NOISE.

Above that, and removed from it by a space that is infinitely great, is the motionless uncoloured sphere of SILENCE.

Then, resting on that, as a red rose floats on the water, is the throbbing paradise of MUSIC.

The lowest of these three circles is a hell—and a hell whose inky clouds are for ever befogging our everyday senses. We only escape from it with a struggle. And we discover only after many trials that the escape upwards must be through the sphere of silence. On that alone can the spirit poise its wings before it soars. It may be that to the divine intelligence this sphere of silence speaks unsongfully; and some awaited echo of its speech may even come at times to men's ears. But this can be no more than an overflowing mercy vouchsafed to quench the spiritual thirst of the unmusical. The musician will not hear it. Sometimes he will listen for it—but in fear; knowing that the faintest tint on the waters, the tiniest trembling of the silent pool, is enough to endanger his flight. But more often he does not listen. Assured by his own will, he rises higher and higher into the 'coloured vaults of heaven; and there, acknowledging both whence he came and whither he is to return, he holds his mystical rhythmic communings with the Almighty.

Hence it comes that the musician who is above the silences asks less of them than the poet, and at the same time adapts them to better earthly ends. He has known death, and found life. Yet, unlike the living of the world, he remembers joyfully the blind seeds of his own upspringing. This is not yet understood by the people. They have scarcely been told what these silences are. So that when they are shown a song that floats upwards from the still waters and goes back to them again, they are visibly discomfited and unthankful. Let there be no blame for this!

Only teaching by the familiar things of life, and even by its outside appearances ! These simple things come and go with the coming and going of the days, and even when little sought will reveal their heavenly analogies, as petalled flowers open to the sun.

Many memories arise here—some of childhood, others of yesterday. But of them all, one stands apart vividly and tragically splendid. It was an unlooked-for moment when, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole three-fold symbol of our universe was spoken aloud with a compressed and sombre distinction of utterance.

A friend and I had been walking in Switzerland. After a hard day's tramp we had reached the shores of Lac Léman. The summer air was so painfully quiet that to our English eyes the whole landscape appeared to be only a painted scene. Not a leaf stirred on the trees : not a ripple on the water. It was eventide, and the snow-clad mountains stood in a sort of benumbed enchantment. Of definite position in space, whether near or far, they seemed to have none. We watched them for an hour : then walked a few miles along the lake, found an inn, supped early, and went to bed.

Midnight came. And with it my friend roused me from a deep sleep. There was, said he, such a storm brewing as I had never seen before and was never likely to see again. He had already been out, and had heard some frightening words from the fishermen. He suggested our going down to the lower end of the lake ; it was worth a soaking.

I dressed as quickly as I could, and we left the inn arm-in-arm. Even then the noise was so great that we could only speak by signs. But we were both thinking with a mild interest that we had already seen the storm at its height. We buffeted along the lakeside in the face of a wind that seemed to blow from all points of the compass at once. And at every step the din grew more unbearable.

By the time we had reached the end of the lake we were both pretty well scared. At intervals the rain fell in sheets, and the wind drove its pitiless surging torrents across the water. The lightning was incessant. It played close above our heads, and at the same moment showed us the most trivial details of houses that were miles away. The mountains appeared and disappeared every two seconds as if pictured by some gigantic magic-lantern of the devil's own contriving. And all the time the wind raged and howled with a bitter demoniacal fury. From the moment of our leaving the inn, the thunder had grown in intensity. At

first it broke with a spluttering racket. Then roared sullenly, as it gathered strength for its attack. Then, coming nearer and nearer, it burst in long bellowing crashes that terrified and overwhelmed the senses. One struggled and fought against it as in a nightmare. The blackest pit of devilish noise seemed to have opened its hideous jaws, and to be vomiting its contents upwards into the trembling world.

Fear—naked and primeval fear, such as the savage feels for his thunder-god—had by now gripped us both. The holiday amusement of an hour ago had swept us back on its tide a hundred centuries into the elemental backwaters of mankind. We had set out thinking of the weather-bureau ; and here we stood face to face with a god, striking to kill.

But then came the wonder of wonders. The storm was at its worst ; riving and tearing at the sobbing earth as if it meant to destroy, mangle, and swallow it with all mankind ; when in one second of time it ceased. The change came suddenly, unexpectedly, and without warning. There was no gradual slackening of the wind and rain, no distant rumbling of thunder. They had been, and now were not.

It was as if one of the younger gods had smiled in his sleep, and all the troubled thoughts of the old days had vanished from men's bosoms for ever.

A deep silence reigned.

We stood, worn-out, and listening painfully. At first it was hardly to be borne. But little by little it uplifted, and upheld us into a delicious and eager anticipation.

Then we heard the beat of a drum. It came from a far-away island in the lake, and its notes were so soft and faint that they scarcely reached our ears. We turned to each other in astonishment, but said nothing. The throb of the drum continued ; never quickening, never slowing. It might have come from an elfin-drummer on the other side of the world. And its rhythm beat an eternity of hope. We held our breaths, content almost that this should go on for ever ; when, fainter even than the drum, came the sound of a mysterious tune played on a shepherd's pipe. It had only a few notes, but the air was shot with its sweetness and colour.

We listened in ecstasy. And as we listened, under the moonlight came three white swans soaring their way across the placid waters of the lake, and passing in slow stately procession like the unreluctant souls of dead heroes.

CECIL FORSYTH.

College Concerts.

Thursday, May 17 (Chamber Music).

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violoncello,
in D major .. *Hurlstone*
1. Allegro ma non troppo. 2. Adagio.
3. Scherzo. 4. Rondo.
L. EILEEN PARKER, A.R.C.M.
BETTY M. MOIR.

SONGS a. Twilight .. *W. Rummel*
b. In haven .. *E. Elgar*
GWENNIE SHAW (Associated Board Exhibitioner).

ORGAN SOLO—
Prelude and Fugue in B minor .. *Bach*
PERCY WHITLOCK, A.R.C.M. (Kent Scholar).

SONG .. Onaway, awake! .. *Coleridge-Taylor*
JOHN DEAN (Exhibitioner).

QUARTET for Strings,
in F major, Op. 18, No. 1 .. *Beethoven*
1. Allegro con brio.
2. Adagio affettuoso ed appassionato.
3. SCHERZO: Allegro molto.
4. Allegro.

DOROTHY EVERITT (Exhibitioner).
JOHN A. ROBINSON.
ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.
IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).

Accompanists—
FLORENCE E. HOBBS.
JOYCE M. HERMAN, A.R.C.M.

Tuesday, May 29 (Small Orchestral).

OVERTURE .. Prince Igor .. *A. Borodin*
Conductor—GUY D. H. WARRACK.

OVERTURE .. Hebrides .. *Mendelssohn*
Conductor—GIDEON J. FAGAN.

SONG .. Elizabeth's Greeting (*Tannhäuser*)—
Wagner
ELIZABETH NICHOL.

SYMPHONY, No. 2,
in C major, Op. 61 .. *Schumann*
1. Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo.
2. SCHERZO: Allegro vivace.
3. Adagio espressivo.
4. FINALE: Allegro molto vivace.
Conductor—2nd Movement: G. RONALD BIGGS.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 3,
in C minor, Op. 37 .. *Beethoven*
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Largo.
3. RONDO: Allegro.

KATHLEEN B. MCQUITT, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

OVERTURE .. Russian and Ludmila .. *Glinka*
Conductor—HAROLD W. DAVIDSON.

Conductor—MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

Wednesday, May 30 (Chamber Music).

VOCAL QUARTET .. Evening Hymn .. *Purcell*
M. DOROTHY AUGOOD.
CONSTANCE E. TAYLOR, A.R.C.M.
(Wilson Scholar).
TREFOR JONES (Scholar).
D. KEITH FALKNER, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).

VIOLONCELLO SOLO—
Sonata in G major .. *Sammartini*
1. Allegro non troppo.
2. Grave con espressione.
3. Vivace.
HELEN B. M. JUST.

SONGS .. a. Music, when soft voices die }
b. Listening } *M. Besly*
BERTHA C. STEVENTON (Exhibitioner).

TRIO for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello,
in F minor, Op. 65 .. *Dvorak*
1. Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Allegretto grazioso.
3. Poco adagio.
4. FINALE: Allegro con brio.
S. ANGUS MORRISON (Scholar).
PIERRE E. TAS (Exhibitioner).
IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).

SONG .. Harvest of sorrow .. *S. Rachmaninov*
BERTA M. CARR (Exhibitioner).

PIANOFORTE SOLOS—
a. Sonata in A major (First movement) .. *Clementi*
b. Scherzo, No. 1, in B minor .. *Chopin*
EDGAR K. TAYLOR (Clementi Exhibitioner).

VOCAL QUARTETS—
Three Songs from the "Schemelli" Hymn Book—
Bach
1. 'Tis Finished. 2. To Thee Jehovah.
3. Jesu, jewel of my heart.

M. DOROTHY AUGOOD.
CONSTANCE E. TAYLOR, A.R.C.M.
(Wilson Scholar).
TREFOR JONES (Scholar).
D. KEITH FALKNER, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).

Accompanists—
JOYCE M. HERMAN, A.R.C.M.
CONSTANCE M. SPENCER.
EVELYN W. WILLIS, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
MAIDA HOOKER, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

Friday, June 8 (Orchestral).

SYMPHONY, No. 4, in B flat major, Op. 69—
Beethoven

1. Adagio; Allegro vivace.
2. Adagio.
3. Allegro vivace.
4. Allegro ma non troppo.

CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra,
in A major (K. 219) .. *Mozart*
(First two movements)

1. Allegro aperto. 2. Adagio.

PAULINE M. CROTHERS (Scholar).
Conductor—MICHAEL H. WILSON.

Wednesday, June 13 (Chamber Music).

QUARTET for Strings,
in D major, Op. 30, No. 4 .. *Haydn*

1. Allegro di molto
2. Un poco Adagio affettuoso.
3. MENUETTO: Allegretto alla zingarese.
4. Presto scherzando.

LENA H. MASON (Scholar).

M. JEAN LE FEVRE, A.R.C.M.

(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

JOYCE H. COOK, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).

BETTY M. MOIR.

SONGS ..a. O willo, willo! .. *Arr. by Fredk. Bridge*
b. A spring morning .. *Arr. by*
H. Lane Wilson

MARJORIE A. VINCENT, A.R.C.M.

SONATA for Pianoforte and Viola,
in C minor .. *York Bowen*

1. Allegro moderato.
2. Poco lento e cantabile.
3. FINALE: Presto.

E. FRANK WARRBRICK.

MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.

(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

Wednesday, June 27 (Chamber Music).

QUARTET for Strings in A major,
Op. 18, No. 5 .. *Beethoven*

1. Allegro. 2. Minuetto.
3. Andante cantabile con variazioni.
4. Allegro.

MICHAEL H. WILSON.

DOROTHY EVERITT (Exhibitioner).

ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.

THELMA REISS-SMITH (Scholar).

SONGS .. a. The Sheiling song } *Arnold Dax*
b. The white peace .. }
c. The Throstle .. *M. V. White*

JOSEPHINE V. LUMBY, A.R.C.M.

SONATA-FANTASIA—
for Pianoforte and Violin .. *J. B. McEwen*

1. Maestoso sostenuto. 2. Vivace.

OLIVE TOMLINSON.

DESIREE AMES.

VOCAL QUARTETS, Op. 92 .. *Brahms*

- a. O charming night!
- b. Late autumn.
- c. Even-song.
- d. Why?

MARJORIE A. VINCENT, A.R.C.M.

DORIS DUTSON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

HORACE F. CURTIS.

JAMES J. MCKINNEL, A.R.C.M.

TONE-POEM .. The Garden of Fand—
Arnold Bax

SCENE .. Wotan's Farewell (*Walküre*) .. *Wagner*

LEONARD A. WILLMORE (Scholar).

SYMPHONIC FRAGMENT, No. 2,
from Ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë" .. *M. Ravel*

a. Lever du jour.

b. Pantomime.

c. Danse générale.

Conductor—MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

CHORAL HYMNS—
from "The Rig Veda" (3rd group)
for Female Voices .. *G. Holst*

ODETTE DE FORAS

(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

JOYCE M. HERMAN, A.R.C.M.

M. ESME WEIGHTMAN, A.R.C.M.

DORIS E. OWENS, A.R.C.M.

QUARTET for Strings, in C major (K 465)—
Mozart

1. Adagio, Allegro.
2. Andante cantabile.
3. MENUETTO: Allegretto.
4. Molto allegro.

JOHN A. ROBINSON.

AUDREY M. FORD (Scholar).

ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.

IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).

ACCOMPANIST—

EVELYN W. WILLIS, A.R.C.M.

(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

QUINTET for Pianoforte and Strings,
in F minor, Op. 34 .. *Brahms*

1. Allegro non troppo.
2. Andante, un poco adagio.
3. SCHERZO: Allegro.
4. FINALE: Poco sostenuto; Allegro non troppo.

C. EDMUND RUBBRA (Scholar).

MARIE E. WILSON, A.R.C.M.

(Morley Scholar).

CYRIL C. DALMAINIE (Exhibitioner).

MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.

(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).

Accompanist—

EVELYN W. WILLIS, A.R.C.M.

(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

Wednesday, July 4 (Chamber Music).

QUARTET for Strings Edmund Rubbra
(Scholar)

1. Allegro moderato.
2. PAVANE: Andante con moto.
3. FUGUE: Allegro con spirito.

M. JEAN LE FEVRE, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Scholar).
CYRIL C. DALMAINE (Exhibitioner).
MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).

SONGS .. a. Die Mainacht Brahms
b. When lovers meet again .. Parry

MABEL W. RITCHIE, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin,
in A minor, Op. 105 .. Schumann

1. Con passione. 2. Allegretto. 3. Vivace.

HENRY BRONKHORST.
MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Morley Scholar).

SONGS Percy Judd
(Student)

- a. The song of Proserpine.
- b. Autumn; A dirge.
- c. Winter; When icicles hang.

PERCY C. JUDD, A.R.C.M.

QUARTET for Strings, in A minor, Op. 132—
Beethoven

1. Assai sostenuto; Allegro.
2. Allegro ma non tanto.
3. Molto adagio (in modo lido); Andante.
4. Alla marcia, assai vivace;
Allegro appassionato; Presto.

KENNETH M. SKEAFING, A.R.C.M.
MICHAEL H. WILSON.
ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.
IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).

Accompanists—

EVELYN W. WILLIS, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
PHILIP MILES.

Tuesday, July 10 (Small Orchestral).

PRELUDE AND LIEBESTOD (*Tristan*)—
Wagner
Conductor—STANFORD ROBINSON.RHAPSODY .. España Chabrier
Conductor—MICHAEL H. WILSON.AIR .. Amour! Viens rider
(*Samson and Delilah*) .. Saint-Saëns
PEGGY NORTON (Scholar).RHAPSODY .. A Shropshire Lad—
G. Butterworth
Conductor—G. RONALD BIGGS.SYMPHONY, No. 5, in E minor (*New World*)—
Dvorák
1. Adagio; Allegro molto.
2. Largo.
3. Allegro vivace.
4. Allegro con fuoco.

Conductor—DR. MALCOLM SARGENT.

Friday, July 13 (Chamber Music).

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violoncello,
in E minor, Op. 38 .. Brahms
1. Allegro non troppo.
2. Allegretto quasi Menuetto.
3. Allegro.

DOROTHY M. ANSELL, A.R.C.M.
MARY J. MURPHY, A.R.C.M. (Liverpool Scholar).

SONGS .. a. Thine eyes still shined .. } Parry
b. When lovers meet again }
VIOLET R. HUSBANDS.PIANOFORTE SOLO—
Nocturne, Op. 37 .. Glazounov
DORIS M. MARSH.SONGS .. a. A song of Shadows .. A. Gibbs
b. A Carol of Jesus Child .. H. Hughes
JOYCE M. HERMAN, A.R.C.M.PIANOFORTE SOLO—
Variations on a theme by Paganini (Book I.)—
Brahms
KATHLEEN MCQUITTY A.R.C.M. (Scholar).SONGS .. a. An Epitaph .. M. Besly
b. Ombra mai fù .. Handel
M. ETHELWYN WIDGER.PHANTASY-QUARTET for Strings—
Frank Bridge
JEAN LE FEVRE, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
LENA H. MASON (Scholar).
JOYCE H. COOK, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).
BETTY M. MOIR.

Accompanists—

JOYCE M. HERMAN, A.R.C.M.
EVELYN W. WILLIS, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

*Tuesday, July 17 (Orchestral).*OVERTURE .. Egmont .. *Beethoven*SCENE .. Job's Lamentation .. *Parry*
D KEITH FALKNER, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra,
in G minor, Op. 26 .. *Max Bruch*
1. Allegro moderato.
2. Adagio.
3. FINALE: Allegro energico.
THOMAS J. JONES (Scholar).SUITE for Orchestra, "The Sea" .. *Frank Bridge*
1. Seascape. 2. Sea-foam. 3. Moonlight.
4. Storm.SCENE .. "Suicidio" (*Gioconda*) .. *Ponchielli*
ODETTE DE FORAS (Associated Board
Exhibitioner).CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, Op. 34—
Rimsky-Korsakov
1. Alborada. 2. Variazioni. 3. Alborada.
4. Scena e Canto gitano. 5. Fandango asturiano.
Conductor—MR. FRANK BRIDGE.*Wednesday, July 18 (Chamber Music).*TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings,
in D minor, Op. 63 .. *Schumann*
1. Allegro appassionato.
2. Allegro ma non troppo.
3. Adagio.
4. Con fuoco.
JULIE LASDUN,
JOAN H. CARLILL, A.R.C.M.
BETTY M. MOIR.SONGS—
a. I attempt from love's sickness to fly .. *Purcell*
b. I'll rock you to sleep .. *Arr. by C.V. Stanford*
M. DOROTHY AUGOOD.SONATINA for Violin and Violoncello—
A. Davies Adams (Foli Scholar)
MICHAEL H. WILSON,
IDA F. STARKIE (Scholar).SONGS from the "Rig Veda" (1st Group) .. *G. Holst*
a. Ushas (Dawn).
b. Varuna (Sky).
c. Maruts (Storm Clouds).
M. ESME WRIGHTMAN, A.R.C.M.QUINTET for Strings, in C major, Op. 29—
Beethoven
1. Allegro moderato.
2. Adagio molto espressivo.
3. SCHERZO: Allegro.
4. Presto.
ELSIE SMITH, A.R.C.M.
SHEILA M. STEWART, A.R.C.M.
JOYCE H. COOK, A.R.C.M.
GWENDOLEN WINDSOR.
HELEN B. M. JUST.
Accompanists—
JOYCE M. HERMAN, A.R.C.M.
EVELYN W. WILLIS, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).

INFORMAL CONCERTS.

At the Term's Informal Concerts Mr. GAVIN GORDON-BROWN sang three songs by JOHN ESCOMBE for the first time. The songs were: "The Bracelet," "Upon Julia's Clothes," and "To Daisies," Miss CECIL BROWN sang two songs ("When the dew is falling" and "Green Branches") by EVELYN WILLIS. A Quartet for Organ, Two Violins and Violoncello, by PERCY WHITLOCK, was also produced.

STUDENT'S RECITALS.

The Student's Recitals, instituted by the Director last Term, are now in full swing, and the new time of 8 p.m. (instead of 4.45 p.m.) has made it possible for the recital-giver to draw a really good audience. This Term ANGUS MORRISON (piano) was able to make his appearance after his unfortunate illness in the spring, and joint Recitals were given by OSBORNE PEASEGOOD (organ) and E. G. HUGHES (singer), LORIS BLOFIELD (violin), and HENRY BRONKHORST (piano), the last one being given by EVELYN WILLIS (piano).

IN THE OPERA THEATRE.

The Parry Opera Theatre was, in the Summer Term, the scene of a new venture—College's first Ballet performances.

At the end of the Term two Ballets were produced, "The Dancing Master," based on Wycherley's play of the same name, with the music

drawn from Purcell's dramatic works, and "The Desire of the Moth," the work of two students, the scenario being written by H. Proctor Gregg, and the music by Ralph Greaves.

Both Ballets were very creditably presented ; the performances augur well for the future success of the Ballet Class which Lady George Cholmondeley directs.

"Hansel and Gretel" was the Opera performed this Term, two performances being given, on the 11th and 12th of July respectively. The characters were as follows :—

Wednesday, July 11th.

Hansel	ALICE M. NIXON.
Gretel	FLORENCE MCHUGH.
Mother	FREDA J. FOSTER.
Peter	EDWARD C. WARD.
Witch	DOROTHY M. KITCHEN.
Sandman	ELIZABETH JOHNSON.
Dew Fairy	L. MARJORIE BEAL.

Produced by Mr. CAIRNS JAMES.

Conducted by A. DAVIES ADAMS (Foli Scholar).

Thursday, July 12th.

Hansel	M. ESME WEIGHTMAN.
Gretel	OLIVE M. HOWELLS.
Mother	DOROTHY G. JOHNSON.
Peter	DUNSTAN HART.
Witch	PEGGY NORTON.
Sandman	ELIZABETH JOHNSON.
Dew Fairy	L. MARJORIE BEAL.

Produced by Mr. CAIRNS JAMES.

Conductors—

Acts I. & II.—GIDEON J. FAGAN (Student).

Act III.—A. DAVIES ADAMS (Foli Scholar).

"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH"

A Flirt	GWYNEDD M. CORRY-SMITH.
A Philanderer	FREDERICK THURSTON.
Pierrot	HUMPHREY PROCTER-GREGG.
An Old Moth, singed in youth	RICHARD D. AUSTIN.

Conductor—GORDON JACOB (Foli Scholar).

"THE DANCING MASTER."

Mr. Gerrard	MICHAEL H. WILSON.
Mr. Paris, or Monsieur de Paris ...	RICHARD D. AUSTIN.
Mr. James Formal, or Don Diego	MICHAEL K. TIPPETT.
A little Blackamore	PHYLLIS M. SMITHARD.
A Parson	RICHARD B. KYLE.
Hippolita (Formal's daughter) ...	MARJORIE B. TERRY.
Mrs. Caution	DOUGLAS E. GRIFFIN.
Prue (Hippolita's maid)	BERNICE E. TUNMER.
Mrs. Flirt (a woman of the town)...	ROSALIND M. ROWSELL.

Conductor—THE DIRECTOR.

Both produced by Lady GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY.

The R.C.M. Union.

Annual "At Home."

The Annual "At Home" took place in the Concert Hall and Parry Theatre on Thursday evening, June 21st, at 7.30. Few words are required here, as an account appears elsewhere in the MAGAZINE, but Members will desire to join the Committee in taking this opportunity of recording their indebtedness and gratitude to the brilliant artists who took part in the programme, both as authors and performers, and to Mr. Visetti for his greatly generous gift of flowers, to the value of £5, to decorate the Concert Hall and supper tables; also to Mr. Polkinhorne for his valuable help and many kindnesses; and to the Clerical and Domestic Staffs for their splendid assistance.

Union Lectures in Parry Room.

Sir Henry Newbolt has honoured the Union by consenting to give a lecture on "Music and Words." It was not possible to have this during the Midsummer Term, as he was absent in America, but he very kindly promised to give it in the Parry Room on Tuesday, October 16th, at 5.30.

Mr. Middleton Murry (Editor of the *Adelphi*) will lecture on Friday, November 23rd, at 5.30 p.m. Subject: "Life and Literature."

Lectures in this series are open to all Union Members upon payment of the small additional subscription of 1/- for three lectures to cover running expenses. Professors, Present Pupils and others in touch with College will find notices of the lectures that are arranged from time to time upon the College Notice Boards. Past Pupils who desire to attend the lectures can obtain notice by sending stamped addressed envelopes to the Hon. Secretary, in addition to their lecture subscription.

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

R.C.M. Union "At Home," 1923.

By a Fly on the Wall.

Whatever is all this crowd and fuss to-night? The Royal College of Music seems to have gone mad—or taken a holiday! I've never seen such a gathering in all my life.

Ah! there comes the Head Man; I know him well enough, because he teaches the class of ladies and gentlemen who gather every week on the platform and pull faces at some bits of paper in their hands. What a buzz there is—it sounds like that nest of bees I nearly wandered into by mistake the other day; and I wish they would always have those lovely

flowers on the platform, they would make a beautiful home for me and my family in the summer. This is quite jolly, and people seem to know and greet one another in a most friendly way ; I'm sure some of them have not seen each other for years. Now the concert is beginning, so I will settle myself comfortably in this niche of plaster, and listen. Strange how these humans must mount on a platform when they want to express themselves. . . .

That was grand ! The dark lady who sang sent joyful shivers down my back, and she didn't seem at all alarmed to appear before all that crowd of critical people (oh yes ! I know they are critical : you should just hear some of the things I hear). I enjoyed the piano playing, but was awed by the big fiddle played upside down by the benign gentleman ; it was a noise I haven't heard before, but the people below just loved it, and are still clapping so hard that I shall creep into the roof to escape from the tumult.

Hullo ! everyone has gone, but not far, surely, because I can hear voices, so I'll follow and see what is happening.

Ah ! supper ; and very nice it looks, too. I'll taste one of those sugary things and see what those ices are like. . . . This is really excellent, and quite comfortable, not like the time last year, when there were so many people one could hardly move (so that old grey fly told me this morning), I must say everybody looks very happy and contented.

Now they are all flocking back again, and there seems to be a good deal of excitement about what will happen next. I hope it is not any more music—one gets enough of that every day ! It *is* music, though, and very thrilling, breezy, jolly songs sung by lots of men-pupils. I could listen to them for hours, and certainly they sing with whole-hearted enjoyment ; but now we pass on to something else. A lecture, apparently, and the gentleman who gives it is having a little difficulty with some of his words : in fact, he can't say one word at all, but looks apologetic instead. (I have surely seen him before in this hall but have never noticed any lack of words. Perhaps to-night's subject is too much for him !) Four players illustrate his points, and they appear to be enjoying the situation hugely (clap, clap, bravo, bravo).

Here's a queer-looking erection going up, and some strange people coming on to the platform—they look too old for students, but are quite at home all the same ; who can they be ? Now one of them is playing with the funny pointer on the structure. I *must* discover what it all means, because everyone is laughing and enjoying it so much.

"Demonstration of Broadcasting"—well, this is really a wonderful show, and I hear it is all made by one of the students; he must be very clever, and humorous too, as it is quite the funniest thing I have seen for a long time. . . . Ah, ha, ha, all the sounds have mixed themselves up—there *is* a noise; I'd better go a little higher through those holes in the roof, but I'll just take a few notes with me to keep me company.

(By the way, I've discovered that the man with the limping speech *can* talk naturally; I overheard him say to a friend that it was a good thing this sort of racket didn't go on all the time.) Why, people are looking up here to see where the notes have gone to, and they seem to think it so mysterious that they should soar so high; I never thought they would be missed, but humans' ears are very well trained nowadays.

Alas! all the company is breaking up, so there will be no more fun. I will wait until the hall is empty and then fly down (notes and all) to my snug little hiding-hole by the radiator and curl up for the night.

Good-night to you all, and I hope you have enjoyed this evening as much as I have—it has been tremendous, and everything ran so smoothly that I must say "thank you" to the busy people who made it such a success.

L.E.P.

On an early Manuscript Book of Sir Hubert Parry's.

For some time I have been working at Sir Hubert's early manuscript books, copying and making a thematic catalogue, and I think a short account of the earliest of all will be of interest to those who knew him, inasmuch as it throws, I think, an interesting fresh light on the personality of the boy at home and at Eton, which could not be obtained in just the same way elsewhere. There are seven music books in all; the one about which I propose to speak was given to him in 1860 (when he was 11 or 12), by a certain W. Patten. It was given "on finishing his first fugue of Bach." Reference to his first copy of the "48," in which the preludes and fugues are carefully marked with the date at which they were first read, and which contains many analytical notes, shows that this first fugue was No. 1 in Book I, which he dates "Twyford, 1860" (the preparatory school at which he stayed from 1858 till 1861, when he went to Eton). From the two different dates assigned to almost every work in this manuscript book, it is evident that in July 1865, at Eton, he went rather carefully through his early compositions, and copied those that he thought were worth it; in many instances revising them and adding the

date of copying and some comments, so that the composition is often earlier than the writing would suggest.

However about half way through the book a blank page is stuck in, on which he has written "From the beginning till . . ."; and immediately after this come three chants in a very childish hand, marked respectively, "H. Parry's first chant, composed at Portswood at 8 years old"; "H. Parry's second chant, c. at Twyford at 10"; "H. Parry, c. at home at 10. Used." (Note the pride in the last word!). Below is a collection of chants in the 1865 writing, with the following heading, "The three and a half following were found in an old MS. book of chants collected at Twyford. They were, accordingly, written either at 10, 11, or early 12. Copied July 19, 1865, C. H. Parry." Then follow the three, and the half to which is added "the rest *caret*." This page, therefore, really seems to contain the very earliest work that he kept.

The book contains a number of chants, some hymn tunes—one dated "Twyford, 1860," and one very good sturdy L.M. tune, "Written for hymn cxlv. of 'Hymns of the Church of England,' at Salisbury, '64 (?)" ; Kyries, among them one written at Hertingfordbury in 1861. His upbringing and early surroundings naturally led him at first in this direction, but it is interesting, on this point, to compare with this book the next in order (Highnam Octo. 1865), in which he broadens his outlook considerably.

The rest of the earliest book consists chiefly of his work for Dr. Elvey, or by that time he was at Eton, with some experiments made on his own account and apparently not submitted to "the Doctor's" scrutiny. The work for his lessons is mainly in the direction of fugues and canons; an interesting sidelight is thrown on it by the entries in his Eton log, in which his music is freely mentioned day by day. There are several fugues with very diverse subjects, some of his own and some of Dr. Elvey's; (he was working at scoring the "48" at the time); one in C minor, "For free Orchestral Overture style" (February 25, '64 "scribbled away at new fugue with Elvey's subject"). One, in E flat; "on this subject I have been working; it is too hard"; a very sound comment from the log; but in spite of that he finished it, for here it is, marked "Written in a great hurry as an exercise for Dr. Elvey, '63 or '64." There are one or two in organ style, Alla Breve, and what we gather from the log was his favourite among them all, "my grand fugue in G major with three (own) subjects." This he worked at pretty steadily early in 1864. On February 2nd he says: "I continued my grand fugue with three subjects," on February 9th: "This evening, at last finished my grand fugue with

three subjects, at which I have been working a long time." On February 17th he took it to Dr. Elvey: "he said I must do my fugue again and finish it well." The result of this is, February 22nd, "I went to Elvey with my fugue. I was greatly honoured by his playing it." In point of fact it is a very good fugue, full of vigour and movement, with the three subjects well contrasted, the second being formed from part of the first, and the third being a quieter phrase. There are strettis, and a good augmentation tramping out in the pedals with all three subjects moving overhead in the manuals; and the whole is clinched by a short *Adagio* passage. Over the fugue is written in the 1865 writing, "Four part Fugue for Organ, with pedal obligato, written beginning of '64 (when 15), and totally guided by Bach. Copied July 17, 1865. The remaining fugues are all interesting in their different ways, with copious and often successful use of devices—stretto, augmentation, diminution, and the like.

But I must pass on to the canons. There are many of these: a 2 in 1 "Written in School"; a 4 in 2 (1863), "With a curious mistake, passed over by the Doctor, if I remember right"; there is—the imitation which begins two bars after, suddenly changes to one bar after, and goes on thus contentedly to the end. One is for three bass voices (so says the log, but in the book it is S.A.B.) on "En formatus sum," and there are several others.

Of independent chorus work there is a five-part Chorale (1864): his first anthem, "In my distress," the opening phrase of which suggests "Aus tiefer Noth." This was begun on April 19, 1864, and signed "copied from edit. prim., Wilton, August, '64." There is also a setting of Horace's Ode "Persicos odi puer apparatus," for A.T.B.B., "written in School, February 22, 1865," and his first recorded Madrigal, "Tell me where is Fancy bred" ("written January 6, 1864, re-written, July, 1865.") This has a very pretty madrigalian "Ding, dong, bell," ending.

For one of the most intimate and lovable things in the book we must go back to 1862 (before he was 14). This is a little piece for Pianoforte, "My first peice, an Exercise in Variegation (alias variations)." With what seems almost a prophetic touch, the tune of these "Variegations" begins with the first phrase of "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," only the sixth note turns up, not down. There is real beauty and much tender charm in this "first peice," and the mature harmonies and cadences are striking at that age. There are three variations, the last being a three-part fugue with good strettis and

augmentation ; but the real beauty, to my mind, lies in the tune and the first variation, through which the sincerity and poetic imagination of the boy seem to shine. By the kind permission of Lady Maud Parry, I am able to include a photograph of this page of the book. The dates are "February 1, '62." "Continued February 23, '62." The fugue is not dated, but it is in the same childish writing, with all its "scratchings out" thick upon it ! Oddly enough, facing the "first peice," but in a later writing, are two bars of experimental $\frac{7}{8}$ time !

There are two other Pianoforte pieces in the book, one called "Pifferari," an older and more finished work than the first, though with less of appeal. "Begun at Eton, in '64, and written and re-written over and over again." It was ultimately published as "Pastorale," in his first set of "Sonnets and Songs without words." The other is a piece, eight bars in length, "Thoughts of . . . , Summer half, 1865."

An early attempt at writing for the Violin is found in the shape of "Pieces written for Ernest to play on his violin" ; the type is Corellian.

Songs are not neglected. There are two ; one, "When stars are in the quiet sky" (written August 13, 1865), and another, "Fair is my love," ("written for Primrose, Eton, '64-5, copied *ad fin.*, July 3, '65.") There is not the same interest in these, though they are well put together, and there is a fore shadowing of his careful dealing with accents and words ; but the medium was evidently not so congenial to him as polyphonic work.

Of the very early work there is one other example, a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, in A major. Over it, in boyish writing, is "First Magnificat, C. H. Parry, '64." The older C. H. Parry, going through and tidying up in 1865, leaves this severely alone, only writing after the title "and a very bad one too." In the log, too, he says "Magnificat in A—bad." At any rate there it is, one is glad to find : the first in the line that leads through two or three other early settings to Parry in D and the Magnificat of 1897. It is probably this Magnificat which is mentioned as having been sung in Chapel while he was at Eton.

The remaining manuscript books are also of great interest. The two next in order contain among many smaller things an anthem in five parts, "Why boastest thou thyself," the second section adding a solo quartet, making good nine-part work (1865). A part song, "Take, O take, those lips away" (sung at the Eton College Concert). A Sonata, in F minor, for Pianoforte Duet, "written, while laid up with a damage at football, in ten days," the slow movement of which afterwards became the "Intermezzo Religioso" of the Gloucester Festival of 1868. The whole of "Parry in D," written down in pencil, with surprisingly few

2nd part
 1st part
 2nd part
 3rd part
 4th part
 5th part
 6th part
 7th part
 8th part
 9th part
 10th part
 11th part
 12th part
 13th part
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 92nd part
 93rd part
 94th part
 95th part
 96th part
 97th part
 98th part
 99th part
 100th part

ETON, Feb 1. 62
 C.H. Parry.

Continued Feb 23 / 62.

Facsimile page from Sir Hubert Parry's early MS. Book.

differences from the finished form; the very first idea, in 1867, for "Blest Pair of Sirens," a phrase for male voice quartet, going as far as "Wed," totally unlike the present day form; first ideas for the different sections of "The Glories of our blood and state," also totally unlike the finished work, showing that even from such early days as these the poems had been enshrined in his affections; and there are many other works, too numerous to mention here. What is so surprising about the earliest book of all, which represents his output between the ages of, say, ten and eighteen, is its variety. Chants, hymns and Kyries, canons, fugues for pianoforte and for organ, songs, choruses, an anthem, a madrigal, little pieces for violin, pianoforte pieces, a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, all find place. But over and above the musical interest there is, or so it seems to me, a great personal charm and delight about this "First beginning till . . .," especially, perhaps, about "My first peice" and "My grand fugue with three (own) subjects . . . totally guided by Bach"; they give a unique insight into the mind of the boy who at the same time, as we know from the *Eton College Chronicle* of 1865-67, ran the College Musical Society, played, sang, and composed music for its Concerts, brought forward for discussion in the "Eton Society" such motions as "Did Homer recite his poems or write them?", played in almost every football match that is mentioned during those years, and ended as senior keeper of the field.

EMILY DAYMOND.

The Royal Collegian Abroad.

LONDON.

During the WILLIAM BYRD Tercentenary week in July, many Collegians were prominently active in the celebrations, and the College itself was used for Sir HENRY HADOW's opening Lecture on Byrd. At Westminster Abbey, Mr. SYDNEY NICHOLSON organised a Byrd Service. A String Sextet of Students of the R.C.M. performed at the Concert in the Æolian Hall. At Southwark Cathedral, Mr. E. T. COOK directed a Recital of vocal and instrumental music.

At a Concert of the London Contemporary Music Centre, held at the R.C.M., on the 5th July, a group of songs by Mr. ARMSTRONG GIBBS was sung by Miss Anne Thursfield. At the same Concert, the Misses BEATRICE and MARGARET HARRISON played in Cyril Scott's Trio, with the Composer at the piano.

Miss DOROTHY HESS gave a Pianoforte Recital, on the 3rd May, at Wigmore Hall. Her programme contained works by Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, Debussy, McEwen, Ravel, Szymanowski, and Albeniz.

Miss DOROTHEA WEBB, assisted by Miss Ella Ivimey and the English String Quartet, gave a Song Recital, at Æolian Hall, on the 2nd June. Among her songs were examples by Howells, Bliss, Herbert Hughes, and Gibbs.

Mr. EVELYN HOWARD-JONES gave a Pianoforte Recital at Wigmore Hall, on the 9th June. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, John Ireland, Arnold Bax, and Delius were included in his programme.

Dr. HAROLD DARKE and Mr. G. THALBEN BALL continued their Organ Recitals at their respective Churches in London during the Summer Term.

At this year's Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, Orchestral works by the late GEORGE BUTTERWORTH, W. Y. HURLSTONE and Sir HUBERT PARRY have been performed. New works, by Mr. H. GREENBAUM ("A Sea Poem"), Mr. ARMSTRONG GIBBS ("A Vision of Night"), Mr. GUSTAV HOLST ("Fugal Concerto," for Flute, Oboe and Strings) were given under their Composer's direction. Works by Mr. BLISS, Dr. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS, Sir WALFORD DAVIES, Mr. RUTLAND BOUGHTON, and Mr. FRANK BRIDGE were included. Past Collegians among the Soloists included, Mr. HUGHES MACKLIN, Mr. FREDERICK KIDDLE, Mr. FREDERICK TAYLOR, Mr. TOPLISS GREEN, Mr. HAYDN DRAPER, Mr. ARCHIBALD WINTER, Miss MARJORIE HAYWARD, Mr. GLYN DOWELL, Miss DORIS HOUGHTON, Miss FRED A SWAIN, Mr. ARTHUR ALEXANDER, and Mr. LLOYD POWELL.

Dr. R. WALKER ROBSON had much fine music given under his direction, during last season, including Vaughan-Williams's "Five Mystical Songs" and "Fantasia on Christmas Carols"; Brahms's "Song of Destiny"; Dale's "Before the paling of the Stars"; Dvorák's "Stabat Mater"; and Holst's "Two Psalms."

A Mime Ballet, by RALPH GREAVES, was given at a special Matinée at the Winter Garden Theatre, on the 12th June, under the direction of Lady George Cholmondeley.

Miss BEATRICE HARRISON and Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS gave a Chamber Concert at Wigmore Hall recently.

Dr. HAROLD DARKE's Organ Recitals, which have recently entered on a new series, will continue each Monday until the 24th December.

Mr. JOHN IRELAND's new Piano work, "Equinox" was produced by Mr. Howard-Jones, on the 9th June, at Wigmore Hall.

Mr. HAROLD SAMUEL gave, in September, at Queen's Hall, a programme of works by Bach.

Miss BEATRICE HARRISON, playing with the Goossens Orchestra, at Queen's Hall on the 3rd July, produced Delius's Violoncello Concerto. She played Elgar's Concerto, too, under the Composer's direction.

Mr. J. E. GREEN is now the Musical Editor for Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew, Ltd., the music publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the Three Choirs Festival, held at Worcester early in September, the first performance of Mr. MALCOLM DAVIDSON's Choral work, "These are Thy glorious works," was given. Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS conducted his own Motet, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge"; Mr. HOLST's "Two Psalms" were sung. Among the soloists were Madame AGNES NICHOLLS, Miss OLGA HALEY, Mr. STEUART WILSON and Mr. TUDOR DAVIES. In a performance of Elgar's 'Cello Concerto, Miss BEATRICE HARRISON was the Soloist.

Mr. EVELYN HOWARD-JONES played Beethoven's G major Piano Concerto, with the Harrogate Orchestra, at a Symphony Concert, on the 21st June. In the same programme was Mr. ALFRED M. WALL's Concert Overture "Thanet," given under the Composer's direction.

At the CAMBRIDGE FESTIVAL OF BRITISH MUSIC (2nd—8th June), among many very interesting works performed were a Ballet, by Dr. Vaughan Williams (it is called "Old King Cole"), Sir Charles Stanford's first Irish Rhapsody, Mr. Armstrong Gibbs's Motet, "All creatures of our God and King," Dr. Wood's "Dirge for Two Veterans," Dr. Rootham's Choral work, "Brown Earth," and

organ works by Dr. Alan Gray, Parry, Stanford, Charles Wood, Vaughan-Williams, and Howells.

Mr. PLUNKET GREENE adjudicated at six or seven great Competitive Festivals held in different Canadian cities in June.

At Dublin, in the Gaiety Theatre, on the 25th July, a two act Opera (upon an Irish subject taken from "The Fate of the Children of Lir") by Mr. G. MOLYNEUX PALMER, received its first performance. It was produced by the Gaelic League.

Among the British works performed at the Salzburg Festival this summer was Mr. BLISS's "Rhapsody," for Flute, Cor Anglais, String Quartet, Bass and two Voices.

Dr. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS conducted his "Mass in G minor," when it was sung in Newcastle Cathedral by the Newcastle Bach Choir.

Mr. HAROLD RHODES has recently become a Doctor of Music in the University of London.

DR. ADRIAN BOULT.

During the Summer Term Collegians were greatly concerned by Dr. Boulton's illness and operation. His complete recovery has given the liveliest satisfaction to his hosts of friends in and out of the R.C.M.

A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

A long and interesting letter has reached us from Mr. JOHN ANDREWS. He writes from Melbourne (reached after a journey round the best part of the world). He tells of many experiences, in a way so graphic that we have wished for space enough to print his letter in full. He refers to College Students as "the children," in a whimsical way; and has a message for them.

"I've been six months in New Zealand" (he writes): "From Auckland in the north to the Bluff in the South, one great need has met me everywhere, the need of teachers. Competent teachers, very particularly music teachers. The people love music. Nearly every town I entered I heard the same thing: 'Invercargill considers itself a great musical centre,' or 'The people of Dunedin are great critics and judges of music.' They think they are, too, and like most people who think so, really know very little on the subject. But they are eager to learn. I offer the suggestion to the children at the College, that they make themselves competent musicians, and then—not before—then, leave the great centres of music, and come out into this beautiful land, as teachers. The hard part is the leaving of *Music* behind. Talking with Dr. Bradshaw, of Christchurch, N.Z., I found that to be his sorrow. All the glorious Singers and Orchestras and Choirs, Organists and Conductors, multitudes of them, to be enjoyed for a few shillings, and here———! But he realised that the student's duty is to deny himself the perpetual pleasure of remaining at home to enjoy, and to get abroad, and give out to these people who have seldom or never heard."

BIRTH.

DARKE. On February 13th, to Dr. Harold Darke and Mrs. Darke (née Dora Garland), a son (Michael Harold).

MARRIAGES.

ORCHARD—BARLOW. On Wednesday, September 19th, at Holy Trinity Parish Church, Brompton, S.W., Stuart, only son of the late Dr. J. S. Orchard, of West Didsbury, Manchester, and of Mrs. Orchard, of South Kensington, to Hilary, only child of Mrs. J. J. Barlow, of Barnes, formerly of Birkdale, Lancashire.

COWPER—WALKER. On 30th August, at All Saints' Church, Northallerton (Yorks.), Mr. John W. Cowper to Miss Phyllis Walker.

R.C.M. Sports Club.

Cricket Club.

During the Summer Term the following three matches were played against the R.A.M. It will be seen that we managed to hold our own quite successfully. By winning the "rubber" we have carried on the good work of the Hockey Club, and succeeded in winning the Farjeon Cup for the year. We are the first holders of the Cup, as last year no definite result was arrived at.

I think it can be said that this year we have had a better "allround" side than at any time since the War. In the field the team have been very keen, and several members have been quite brilliant. In batting, runs have been forthcoming, practically the whole way through the team. In bowling it cannot be said that there has been any lack of variety.

It is invidious to make any distinction, but the bowling of Long, the batting of Strutt, and the wicket keeping of Sumsion deserve special mention.

KEITH FALKNER.

First Match, played on June 9th. Won by 180 runs.

R.C.M.		R.A.M.	
		Scores :—	
Rev. L. Long, c & b Pearce	34	Bruce, c Long, b Falkner	4
D. K. Falkner, b Pearce	0	Henderson (capt.), b Falkner	0
R. Austin, b Pearce	2	Evans, c & b Falkner	7
D. E. Griffin, b Pearce	42	Robertson, b Long	0
R. G. Strutt, not out	100	Billington, b Brazell	12
H. W. Sumsion, b Billington	18	Pritchard, b Long	1
Horsfall, not out	17	Jones, not out	25
R. B. Kyle	} Did not bat.	Parsons, c & b Brazell	0
J. Mark		Newnham, b Brazell	0
M. Brazell		De Tron, b Brazell	0
R. Oakley		Tovering, c Falkner, b Brazell	1
Extras	17	Extras	0
Total (for 5 wickets)	230	Total	50

Innings declared closed.

Second Match, played on July 9th. Lost by 112 runs.

R.A.M.		R.C.M.	
		Scores :	
D. Roberts, c & b Griffin	158	Falkner, b Roberts	6
Bruce, b Strutt	29	Sumsion, b Jones	33
Jones, b Falkner	4	Griffin, c Davies, b Bruce	17
Henderson, st Sumsion, b Falkner	6	Strutt, b Henderson	4
Robertson, b Falkner	5	Austin, b Jones	41
Billington, b Falkner	4	Mark, b Roberts	1
Evans, lbw b Falkner	4	Kyle, c Davies, b Roberts	4
Davies, b Falkner	4	Brazell, b Roberts	3
Pritchard, b Griffin	0	Thurston, absent, hurt	0
Extras	30	Tippett, b Roberts	0
Total (for 9 wickets)	244	Fenner, not out	0
Innings declared closed.		Extras	23
		Total	132

Third Match, played on July 19th. Won by 7 wickets.

R.A.M.		R.C.M.	
		Scores :—	
D. Roberts, b Long	0	D. K. Falkner, not out	101
Bruce, b Long	29	H. W. Sumsion, b Roberts	8
Henderson, c Sumsion, b Long	23	R. Austin, b Jones	15
Thomas, b Long	9	Rev. L. Long, b Henderson	15
Jones, b Long	1	D. E. Griffin, not out	21
Billington, not out	32	R. C. Strutt	} Did not bat.
Evans, run out	0	P. A. Browne	
Marriott, b Falkner	16	M. Brazell	
Davies, b Long	8	R. B. Kyle	
Pritchard, b Long	0	J. Mark	
Newnham, b Brazell	0	A. Fenner	
Extras	21	Extras	28
Total	139	Total (for 3 wickets)	183

Review.

THE OXFORD CHORAL SONGS (Edited by W. G. WHITTAKER).
Published by Oxford University Press.

The simple things in music are attracting our best composers more and more. Songs for one, two or three voices, and designed for use in Schools, are increasing rapidly in number, and are constantly improving in quality. We mean it as high praise for Dr. Whittaker's series, when we say they are as good as the collection made recently by Mr. Dunhill. The same composer often figures in both editions. Dr. Whittaker has been lucky enough to attract Sir Charles Stanford, whose mastery over simple means enables him always to produce part songs ideally suited to their purpose. Many other well-known men have sent works for this series: Frank Bridge, Edgar Bainton, Henry Ley, C. B. Rootham, Armstrong Gibbs, Thomas Dunhill, Peter Warlock, Gerrard Williams, and many another contemporary. And the Elizabethans are in it: Dowland, Robert Jones, Phillip Rosseter, Thomas Campian; and Handel, and (better still) Purcell. So the series is comprehensive, and of rich variety. We hope it will go far and wide; it is bound to be useful. Dr. Whittaker is to be congratulated on the first fruits of his labours in this direction. The edition, already large, is to be added to, and if it maintains the standard it has already attained it will be of really permanent interest and value.

Obituary.

MAJOR THOMAS F. MORRIS.

To present day Students of the R.C.M., the name of Major Thomas F. Morris means probably nothing, or very little. To those who were studying in his time it brings to their remembrance one of the most manly and lovable personalities in the whole of the College. When War broke out, in 1914, he persistently offered himself for service, to be rejected many times, but at last managed to get into the R.N.A.S., and won the esteem and love of all who were associated with him. His career at College was one of the most brilliant of his day, and whether in his music, or in his pastimes, the same fine sense of honour and kindness was apparent throughout, and to appreciate properly the bitterness of his loss one must have enjoyed the privilege of his friendship.

The Term's Awards.

During the Midsummer Term (1923) the following awards were made:

Council Exhibitions (£70)—

Ames, Desiree	(Violin)	£8
Rutland, Harold	(Piano)	£7
Tomlinson, Olive	(Piano)	£7
Just, Helen	(Cello)	£6
Beal, Marjorie	(Singing)	£6
Campbell-Meiklejohn, Margaret	(Violin)	£5
Hamilton, M. Jean	(Piano)	£5
Hughes, Nancy	(Singing)	£5
McKenna, John K.	(Singing)	£5
Taylor, Doris A. M.	(Harp)	£5
Warbrick, E. Frank	(Piano)	£5
Harris, Linda	(Singing)	£5

Additional Awards (£3 each)—

Kingdon, Edna M.	(Singing)
McHugh, Florence M.	(Singing)
Riley, Ruth E. T.	(Cello)
Vincent, Marjorie A.	(Singing)
Windsor, Gwendolen	(Viola)

Clementi Exhibition for Pianoforte Playing (£28 7s. od.)—
Fullard, Christobel

Organ Extemporising Prize (£3 3s. od.)—
Minay, William O. (Scholar)

Henry Leslie (Hereford Philharmonic) Prize (£10)—
Chatterton, Vivienne (Scholar)
Augood, Dorothy (Scholar)

Arthur Sullivan Prize for Composition (£5)—
Byfield, Jack A. (Scholar)

Scholefield Prize for String Players (£3)—
Starkie, Ida (Scholar)

Challen Gold Medal for Piano Playing—
Heather, Belinda (Scholar)

Elocution Class—

Chatterton, Vivienne (Scholar) (The Director's Prize)
De Foras, Odette (Registrar's Prize)
McHugh, Florence (Mr. Cairns James' Improvement Prize)

Commended—

Nelson, Gwendolen
Robinson, Vera

Henry Blower Memorial Prize (£5 5s. od.)—
Robertson, H. Stuart

Ellen Shaw Williams' Prize for Piano Playing (£10)—
McQuitty, Kathleen (A.R.C.M.) (Scholar)

Signor Foli Scholarship (£30)—
Adams, A. Davies

Prizes—

Dalmaine, Cyril (£10)
Davidson, Harold (£10)

Chappell Gold Medal for Pianoforte Recital—
Parker, L. Eileen (A.R.C.M.)

Chappell Exhibition for 3rd Grade Pianoforte Pupils (£30)
Clark, Joyce McG.

Ernest Farrar Prize (£7)—
Whitlock, Percy (A.R.C.M.) (Scholar)

Alfred and Catherine Howard Prize for Violin Playing (£20)—
Crothers, Pauline (Scholar)
Wilson, Michael H.

List of Dates, 1923-24

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1923.

• Entrance Examination	Wednesday ...	19th Sept.
• Term begins	Monday ...	24th Sept.
• Half Term begins ...	Monday ...	5th Nov.
• Term ends	Saturday ...	15th Dec.

EASTER TERM, 1924.

Entrance Examination	Wednesday ...	9th Jan.
Term begins	Monday ...	14th Jan.
Half Term begins ...	Monday ...	25th Feb.
Term ends	Saturday ...	5th April

MIDSUMMER TERM, 1924.

Entrance Examination	Wednesday ...	30th April
Term begins	Monday ...	5th May
Half Term begins ...	Monday ...	16th June
Term ends	Saturday ...	26th July

* Revised Dates.

